

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

She Had a Heart

By R. RAY BAKER

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure
Newspaper Syndicate)

THROUGH the clouds of Frank Morrison's despair broke a shaft of sunlight in the form of an idea.

Frank was not the first person to have the same idea. He knew it was not original. He had heard of its being worked out successfully many times, but until now not once had he thought of applying it in his own behalf.

Jane Ellison had turned him down. After three years of pursuing her heart, with tact, contentment, and love, he was wrecked on the rocky shores of the sea of unrequited love.

But Frank could not give her up. There was no other girl in the world like her. Black hair and deep brown eyes, perfect complexion of white, Jane was more like a picture than a mere woman. Frank could never care for anybody but a brunette, he knew, or for any brunette but Jane. He was one himself, although there was a color in his cheeks while it was absent in Jane's. Yes, he must marry Jane or live without her.

The big idea was this: He would call on Jane's sister, Irene, who always had appeared a good friend of his, for assistance. If he could make her a party to a plot he stood chances of winning even yet. The plot would consist of paying attention to Irene, thus arousing jealousy in Jane.

"That's the whole trouble," said Frank. "Jane thinks she has me right where she wants me, and it's made her lose interest."

So Frank called Irene on the telephone and arranged for a meeting. Until the plot was fully concocted he did not wish to appear at the Ellison home, so had Irene meet him on the river bank.

"It isn't quite proper, I know," he said over the wire. "But we're good friends and I need your help—and I don't want Jane to know."

"I understand," Irene replied, "and I'll be right there."

Irene met him on the river bank. She was seated on a rustic bench when he appeared. Nobody else would have mistaken one of the sisters for the other, for Irene was pronouncedly blonde, as Jane was a brunette; and she even had a few freckles.

Frank seated himself beside her and lost no time.

"Jane has thrown me down," he said, "and I can't stand it. This would be a sad mess for me unless I can patch things up."

What caused the quarrel? Irene inquired, gazing at him with eyes that were serious and yet contained a vestige of merriment.

"There wasn't any; that's the trouble. If we had had a scrap there would be some hopes of fixing it up. But Jane's just got tired of me. I guess. She said we would be friends, but nothing more, and a lot of that bunk."

"Jane's my sister," Irene observed, "but I must admit she's a pretty cold proposition. In fact she has not a heart. She isn't human. I'm convinced just a picture that's all."

Frank protested.

"Oh, no, you're wrong. I know her, and she has a wonderful disposition."

"I've known her longer," Irene declared, "and I insist her heart is made of stone. Oh, I love her as a sister, but I'd hate to be the man in love with her."

"Don't talk that way," Frank remonstrated. "I think you're overdoing it just to get me off the track. Jane is the only girl in the world for me. She's just the type. Her hair and eyes are perfect, and her complexion is wonderfully fascinating. Don't try to dissuade me."

"What would you have me do?" she asked.

Frank explained and Irene readily agreed to be a conspirator. A visit to the theatre two nights later was the means of launching the campaign.

At first the campaign seemed to bring no results whatever. Frank saw Jane when he called on Irene, but she evidently had no more emotion for him than he had for her.

Frank took Irene to dances, and before long he could see that Jane was becoming interested. She never spoke about it, but on one occasion she flounced out of the room with a dark scowl on her countenance when he called to take her sister for a motor ride.

"She's displayin' anger," he told Irene when they were skimming over the country road. "That gives me some hope."

"Don't be too hopeful," Irene warned. "Remember, she hasn't a heart."

The warning was well founded, for although Jane assumed a haughty attitude that showed she was displeased by Frank's attentions to her sister, she never made any advances. Under the circumstances, if Jane still cared for Frank, it seemed that some hint that he was welcome once more as a suitor would not have been out of place.

Jane was now seen frequently with a man considerably older than herself and the possessor of a comfortable amount of worldly wealth. Frank was doing well himself as head of a hardware firm, but he could not consider himself on the highway to riches.

For two months the plotters kept up their pretense, and there was no signs of success in sight. Jane, in fact, seemed infatuated with her new knight.

"Better give it up," Irene told Frank one night as they sat on the rustic bench beside the river. "You're wasting your time."

"And you're," said Frank. "I've become the very thing I've been trying to avoid."

Smart Toque
Brings Out
Personality

BY CORA MOORE.

New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—There is

no question but that the small hat

is the hat of the moment. Al-

though there is more than an oc-

casional medium-sized model to

be seen here and there. However,

novelty is what most prospective

purchasers look for, the novelty

that expresses itself in distinction

and not in the bizarre. The hat

that brings out not only the con-

tinue but the personality.

Here, is this hat that was made

for Elsie Mackay of the "Polde-

kin" cast with George Arliss, is a

model that exploits just these fea-

tures. It is a little round toque

of dark blue velvet with old blue

curled up ostrich fronds sprout-

ing out around it at its base for

all the world like the curls on a

pretty girl's bobbed head. So, it

is called the "Bobbed-hair" hat.

all your time. No other fellow

has a look like that."

"That's all right," she protested.

"I don't care about that."

"Let's try it a little longer then

he insisted, and she agreed.

Two months more without pro-

gress, and once more the plotters

held a consultation. It was a

warm night and the river basked

in dancing moonlight.

"I have had news," said Irene

after they had sat in silence for

some little time, staring out over

the rippling water. "Jane is en-

gaged to Mr. Harlow."

Frank turned his head away.

"Is that so?" he said without

emotion. "I might have expected

it."

"So there's no longer any use of

continuing this farce," she went

on. "You had better reconcile

yourself to the inevitable."

"It looks that way," he acquies-

ced. "However, let us not stop

now."

"Why?" she exclaimed in sur-

prise. "You can't still have hope

it's a good thing, I think; for

really Jane hasn't a heart."

"I'm convinced of that," Frank

agreed. He was silent for a few

moments, then said abruptly:

"She hasn't a heart; but I know

some one who has, and I want it."

"Oh, then you've found some-

one else already?"

"Yes, I have and I might as well

make quick work of it and tell

you it's you, Irene. I never really

cared for Jane. It was her looks

that I loved and nothing more. I

thought I never could marry any-

body but a brunette, but I've de-

cided on a blonde. You have all

Jane's good traits and none of her

bad ones. Let's keep this—this

pretense—up for ever; only let's

not have it a pretense any more.

Will you?"

"Frank, she whispered, I've

cared about you for a long time, with

all the heart you claim is like the

outdoors."

CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920.)

I Wait in the Midst of Historic

Surroundings for News About

Ann.

My duties as telephone operator

were strenuous that night. Reports

came in from many towns; they

were identical—no trace of young

Mrs. Lorimer anywhere.

Once as I talked at the phone,

I half-dreamed that I heard the

patter of bare feet in the big hall;

it was a bit uncanny, but I am

neither superstitious nor fearsome.

As soon as I could I hung up the

receiver, went to the door of the

office, and surveyed the splendor

before me.

From ceiling beams to oaken

floor planks, the room was medi-

eval, artistic, magnificent. The en-

tire Lorimer mansion had been con-

structed about it. The paneled

walls of carved oak were never

lovelier than in the soft glow of

the shaded electric bulbs. Hand-

wrought lamps, ancient works of

art, stood at the corners of the

huge settee.

It occurred to me that the divan

was huge enough to have made a

comfortable bed for at least four

retainers in days of old. I pictured

them watching the night away, watching, perhaps, to proclaim to the vassals the birth of an heir to their feudal lord, watching for the return of victors in some petty war; watching a tier with torches flickering at each end; and I could see the armored gentlemen stretch out and doze off, but turn on what was now a famous Lorimer possession.

My imagination is often weirdly tricky. I shrugged my shoulder as if the gesture would help me to throw off the charm of ancient days. Then I picked up the sofa pillows of antique brocade and threw them back upon the couch.

The sharp jangle of the phone called me back to modern life, and modern woes, and my particular part in them.

"All right, dear?" came over the wire in Bob's voice.

"All right, still," I echoed. We hadn't "made up" nevertheless the form of my husband's speech brought me a little of the comfort that I needed.

"The best news, dear! There's absolutely nothing to be found in the park! Morrison says that the poor child probably hid the things here and put on another disguise. Run upstairs and tell father and mother."

I had to waken the dears to give them the comforting news.

"I guess I'm half asleep," said myself to myself, when I came back to the big hall. "My lovely pet pillow has certainly moved three feet from the spot where I left it. But I suppose I only half know anything about anything tonight."

Bob and Morrison, coming in from the search, sat on the big settee, had coffee and sandwiches and discussed the case. Then they put a detective in charge of the phone. Bob sent me to bed, and went over to see how the invalid was getting on.

The duties of the next morning kept up apart and prevented the exchange of the telegrams I needed, the tenderness I craved, in wifely fashion, even if I felt it be half false.

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

Chrys was compelled to continue her political work as usual because the announcements of the pageant had been spread far and wide. Of course she cut out Ann's part, "Woman, the Slave," from the program. Her most influential helpers protested. They wanted an understudy to wear the shackles. They said Chrys was cutting out the one great part woman had played since her creation.

"Maybe. We'll just change it to 'Woman, the Entertainer.' It's the same thing," said my cynical sister-in-law. "Find your dancer!" So

SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

An excellent bleach for a stained hardwood floor can be made from wood ashes.

Put ashes in a galvanized iron pail about half full. Pour over enough boiling water to fill pail. The water must be boiling. Let stand till cool. Strain through several thicknesses of cloth. The water will be a strong lye that will bleach quickly and effectively.

Use with rubber gloves.

Menu for Tomorrow
Breakfast—Stewed dried peaches, bacon with scrambled eggs, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Luncheon rice, peach pickles, health bread and butter, rolled almond wafers, tea.

Dinner—Veal stew with dumplings, corn-croquettes, rolls, radishes, floating island, coffee.

My Own Recipes
The corn croquette supply fat to this dinner that would otherwise be lacking in this important element. The dessert adds many calories of protein to the meat, which is somewhat deficient in protein, but with the dumplings forms the "bulk" of the dinner.

Luncheon Rice
1 cup rice
1-4 pound cheese
1 green pepper
1-2 cups milk
salt
pepper
mustard

Cook rice till almost done. Remove seeds from pepper, chop and mix with rice. Put a layer of rice not more than half an inch thick in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and a "dash" of mustard. Dot with butter and add a layer of rice and cheese until all is used. Pour over milk. There should be enough milk to barely cover the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven from thirty to forty minutes. The rice must fin-

ish cooking and the cheese must not melt.

Refined Almond Wafers
4 tablespoons butter
1-3 cup milk
1-2 cup powdered sugar
1 cup flour
1-2 teaspoon vanilla
1-8 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup blanched chopped almonds

Cream butter and sugar. Add milk drop by drop. Add flour, sifted with salt. Add flavoring. Spread mixture very thinly on a buttered inverted dripping pan. Crease in three-inch squares and sprinkle with almonds. Bake in a slow oven until delicately browned. Cut squares apart while hot and roll in a tubular shape with the nuts outside.

Any fool knows enough to eat, but it takes a wise person to know enough to fast.

The church in Wales, after 700 years of dependence on the See of Canterbury, has been re-established.

WHOOPING COUGH
No "cure"—but helps to reduce paroxysms of coughing.

VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

WHOOPING COUGH
No "cure"—but helps to reduce paroxysms of coughing.

VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

WHOOPING COUGH
No "cure"—but helps to reduce paroxysms of coughing.

VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

WHO